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the Massagetes. Cambyses succeeded him, and we know how Darius son of Hydaspes took his place. Zorababel friend of the prince, having solved to his satisfaction a question which he had proposed, namely, Which was the most powerful, wine, kings, or women, obtained from him authority to undertake and finish the reconstruction of the temple.

This new edifice, built by Zorababel, on the site of the old one, does not appear to have the importance of the temple of Solomon. The edict of Cyrus, which had been deposited at Ecbatane, where Darius discovered it, only authorized the construction of an edifice 60 cubits high and 60 cubits wide. This edifice, as we have seen, was to have had only three stories of unpolished stone, and a row of wood entirely new. We do not find there again the same magnificence as in the ancient temple. Herod the Great, wished to restore it to its primitive splendor; he made of it an edifice entirely Roman and decorated the exterior court with Corinthian columns. The ornamentation alone preserved something of the Jewish style; in this manner, he enriched the capitals of the columns of the porch with branches of golden vine, with their clusters so exquisitely wrought, says Josephus, that, in these precious works the art was not second to the material. The court, constructed upon the platform of the ancient temple, was solidly fortified. It was here that the last defenders of Jerusalem took refuge when Titus besieged that city. Irritated by this resistance, Titus, conqueror, caused the temple to be demolished, of which, according to the prediction of God, there remains not one stone resting on another.

#### THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

A LITTLE child sits silent at her play,  
With wondering eyes, and listening mouth and ear,  
And forehead fair as e'er was formed of clay,  
O'er which the careless sunny ringlets play,—  
What does she hear ?

Gazing on nothing—as a poet might,  
If thoughts of fearful beauty filled his mind—  
Her face turned up in such a trustful light;  
Surely, those azure eyes, so soft and bright,  
Cannot be blind !

Ah ! now I see,—her rosy fingers hold  
A shell brought from some island of the blest,  
Round whose cool shore the sapphire waves are  
roll'd—  
A pearly shore—with crimson, green, and gold  
Upon its breast.

Look, for a moment ! in its spiral cave,  
What wealth of pure and tender beauty lies,  
As if some orb concealed rose on the wave,  
And all its bosom tremulous should lave  
With matchless dyes !

And now she holds it to her ear again,  
And listens—as a lover for the song  
Of his beloved—to those strange sounds that wane  
And swell,—weird, wand'ring murmurs of the main,  
Its vaults along.

Dear, simple child ! now let me be like thee,—  
And for a shell the world will suit my soul;  
Its wond'rous beauty let me feel and see,  
And on the ear th' eternal melody  
From heaven shall roll.

FIDELIA.

#### THE HEIDELBERG BROTHERHOOD.

BY GUSTAV LESTON.

No. IV.

#### HOME THOUGHTS ABROAD.

I HAD been at lecture one afternoon, and coming down into the lower hall of the university building, I saw upon a black-board, which served for bulletins, a copy of the diploma recently awarded to Robert Leverett, in testimony of a degree in Civil Law, conferred upon him after an examination, passed *summa cum laude*, as the document phrased it.\* I was not a little rejoiced that our comrade had been rewarded with the highest honors, and as much surprised that he had presented himself for examination at all. He had never intimated among the Brotherhood that such was his intention; and the short time that he had been at the University, coming, as he did, without knowing even the rudiments of the language, would almost, I should have thought, have precluded the possibility of an adequate preparation. However, as I thought it over, it occurred to me, that although sufficiently versed in the German to profit by whatever lectures he might hear, he may have gone through his examination in some other tongue, say Latin or French, for the medium of communication in this department was, I knew, held of little consequence, provided the applicant possessed the required legal proficiency.

Accordingly I determined to go to his room at once and congratulate him, and passed out of doors through a sort of vestibule, where the posting-board was covered with notifications of this, that and the other thing, deemed by the advertisers, quite desirable for the well-being of all students; where they could eat and where they could lodge, and where clothe themselves, together with orders of the Facul-

\* For the curious in such matters, we transcribe the form of the diploma awarded, premising that the Grand Duke of Baden is the nominal Rector of the University, *ex-officio*, which authority was vested at the time, because of the imbecility of the sovereign, in his younger brother, Frederick, who ruled as Prince Regent. The acting chief of the University, with the title of Pro-Rector, is one of the Professors, who hold the office in rotation.

"Quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit sub auspicio augustissimi et potentissimi principis ac domini domini FREDERICI, magnum ducatum Badarum regentis, ducis Zaringia, Rectoris Academie magnificentissimi, Pro-rectoris Academie, magnifico viro amplissimo, illustrissimo ROBERTO MOHL, philosophiae doctore, professore publico, ordinaris magno duci Badarum a consilis aulae intimi ordinis Leonis Zaringequite, Nos Decanus Senior ceterique Professores ordinis jurisconsultorum in literatum universitate Ruperto-Carola in virum doctissimum et darissimum ROBERTUM LEVERETT, Massachusettensem examine rigoroso *summa cum laude* superato gradum doctoris summos in utroque iure honores rite contulimus et hoc diplomate sigillo ordinis nostri inuncto testati sumus."

There are four grades of these, the lowest being those in which the examination has been passed *cum laude* (with praise); the next *magna cum laude* (with great praise); then *insigni cum laude* (with remarkable praise); and the last *summa cum laude* (with the highest praise).

ties, and specifications of lectures. The clock of the building had just been striking the hour, and—tramp, tramp—the audiences of the various professors were emerging from their lecture-rooms. The greater proportion of them had passed me, as I stood before the diploma, and when I reached the square, on which the building is situated, they had mostly dispersed in various directions, although a few clung round the corners of the several streets leading from it. By this time, too, around the same corners, came a new set to attend the lectures of the following hour. Five minutes intervened between the ringing of the bell, and the commencement of the next lecture. During this time the students collect gradually in their various lecture-rooms. One of the professors was walking up and down in the shade, on the opposite side, with some books under his arm, occasionally casting his eye at the clock on the belfry, for it is a matter of habit with them, never to enter their desks but on the minute, so as to commence at once. Two others had met by the fountain, and were holding a converse to while away the remaining minute.

I saw the artist coming down the Hauptstrasse (the Main street), which bounds the square on one side, and waiting at the corner, he joined me, and we continued in his direction. Hal had just told him of Leverett's success, and he was bound upon a like errand with myself. It was a Saturday afternoon, and a great portion of the haberdashers being Jews, their shops along the main street were distinguishable by their closed shutters, and parties of them, of both sexes, among whom the artists tipped his hat to some well-known beauties, were sauntering along in their holiday finery, all in the direction of the chiefly-frequented ascending path of the castle grounds, where they congregate in great numbers on their sabbath afternoons, promenade among its paths, and contribute very sparingly to the plates, kept at the path-corners, whose collections go to remunerate the band, which plays from the stand near the restaurant. Students with their jaunty caps, whose small round crowns pitched over upon their broad, flat visors, some legged with wrinkled overboots, switching their canes, carrying their black portfolios (which contain their hefts, MS. brochures of notes made at the lectures) under their arms, many of them followed by their big dogs, whose pink tongues quivered at the corners of their mouths—mixed in with the other multitudes of the street, burghers, peasants, and beggars—were all to be passed through, some to be recognized, before we reached the old brown stone church, where Protestants and Catholics both worship, divided by a traverse partition, the latter possessing the spire-end. This big dingy edifice, standing open to all sides, the widening of the main street at one end of it, forming quite a square—the busy spot, of market days,—looked with its manifold buttresses on both sides, like a many-legged monster, nicely ensconced under the roof for its shell, its tall spire some extended feeler, who appeared very much as though some fine day, it would take it into its head to trot down street, and knock over the Heilbron gate for a trip into the country—so Hal used to say. A side street, in which

most of the population seemed at the windows, smoking or jabbering, led us to the bridge, upon which we entered through an old gateway, surmounted by a couple of towers with conical roofs.

The span of the bridge formed a segment of a large circle, somewhat flattened at the summit, and at the angular places of each end, on the down-stream side, a recess had been built out upon one of the piers, to receive a statue upon a pedestal, the first being an effigy of some of the antecedent reigning dukes, the farther one an ordinary figure of Mars—both done in a coarse, white marble. Close by this latter quite a crowd had collected to watch the passing of two water-crafts from opposite directions. The one was a flat-bottomed boat, such as pass down the stream by the aid of the current and a square sail (when the wind is favorable) laden with produce from the centre of Swabia, which they deliver to the steamboats at Mannheim, where the Neckar joins the Rhine some twenty miles below, or otherwise pass on with it themselves to market lower down towards the low countries. This craft was now ascending, laden with a few hogsheads of West India molasses and other commodities of exchange, drawn by a string of horses, who kept the bank, towing by a line attached to the masthead; as they approached the bridge, the horses took to the stream, and splashing in up to their breasts, they aimed for one of the middle arches, where the channel run, and tugged nobly against the rushing tide.

At the same time from the opposite direction, borne along by the force of the stream, a long timber raft bound for the Mannheim market, there to be broken up for shipment, or joined with others for the descent of the Rhine, came rapidly down, under the guidance of a few men, who ran wildly fore and aft, and from side to side, shouting lustily, and working manfully with sweep and pole—for a few feet deviation on either side would inevitably bring them in contact with the side of the arch, that they wished to shoot. A woman and two or three children stood in the door-way of a small cabin of boards, which was constructed about in the midst of it, emitting a smoke from a stove-pipe, while a few articles of apparel flapped from a line that extended from one corner of it to a pole a few yards off. The current seemed taking the raft prosperously in the right direction, and the men all stood, implement in hand, but inactive, watching for the least swerve to counteract it on the instant, when the head of the string of horses towing up the other boat appeared in sight, midway under the very arch they were expecting momently to shoot. Due precaution had evidently not been taken on the part of the ascending boat, which should have given the passage first to the one, making the descent. Strenuous exertions on the part of the raft-men might possibly prevent a collision, but then it would insure the complete breaking up of their raft against the piers of the bridge, and perhaps the loss of life among the fragments. Accordingly their chief gave the word to keep their course. The man who rode the leading horse saw the approaching danger, and turned his animal to retreat. The spectators on the bridge above, who had previously thought the boat could have

gained the other side in sufficient time, now called to them to cut their towing-line. Some little delay occurred, before it was done, when swinging with the current, which she just begun to feel, she glided off perfectly unmanageable. The nearest horses feeling the strain upon the line had ceased, stood still by force of habit and stopped the way of the retreating leader. The man shouted and lashed his whip, but to no avail. The prow of the raft had already entered the arch, and darting onward it struck the entangled group, sweeping them off together beyond their depth. The man disappeared beneath the horses, who were plunging violently, one of whom had already struck out his fore feet upon the edge of the raft, and made a desperate attempt to gain a footing, but being beyond his depth behind, it was of little use.

There was stir among the spectators on the bridge, a murmur of wonder, and I caught a glimpse of a man leaping over the parapet, divested of his outer garments, his hair streaming in the wind. I soon gathered from the voices of those nearer the spot, that he had descended by the stones of one of the piers, to a standing-place below, and with a leap had gained the raft. He rushed forward upon the timbers; and, as soon as I saw him, I recognized our daring Hal at once. He grasped the head of the nearest horse, and dragging him aft, while the others, borne along by the raft, which had caught some of their harness, still plunged and lashed the water. With an iron clutch he tore loose the leather straps of a second, and leaping into his saddle, turned him for the shore, at the same time, as soon as clear of the rest, stooping with one hand, he drew above the water the apparently lifeless form of the man, and with the other set free his foot, which had become entangled in the stirrup. With both hands now sustaining the man's weight sufficiently to keep his head above water, the horse soon striking the shelving shore, they arrived at the bank some seconds, before the crowd, anticipating his intention, had run from the bridge to the spot. A part bore the fellow to a neighboring ale-house, who, by proper appliances, was soon brought to consciousness; the rest spent some phrases of commendation upon Hal, who rather rudely repelled them, and snatching his clothes from the boy who had them, murmured to us, whom he had just recognized among the crowd, "The confounded, lubberly fools! there wouldn't one of them stir. Look at the fellows," said he, pointing to the raft which still continued its way; they haven't art enough to get the rest of those horses loose;" and the crowd on shore with magnified importance, set up the cry to the raftsmen to loose the animals—a cry as vociferously joined in by the men aboard the boat. We left them in their confusion, and returned with Hal to the bridge, who resisted our entreaties to go to Leverett's, and passed over to the town, with a troop of ragged urchins at his heels—the hero of the hour. The next day the wife of the rescued man called on Hal to thank him; but took occasion to add a pitiful account of their sorrows, now greatly increased, as it would be some time before her husband would be able to resume his avocation. She went away with a half dozen guilders in her hand, doubtless resolved, as Hal

thought, to counsel her good man to get almost drowned and saved again, for the sake of the income from it.

Leverett's lodging-house was a little further up stream, and we walked along. He saw our approach from his window, and greeted us on the door-stone, inviting us within. A few minutes sufficed for congratulation and explanations, and we took some offered cigars, and sat before his windows, which commanded a magnificent view of the castle on the opposite bank. The town lay just beneath it along the margin of the stream, the trees here and there protruding above the roofs, extending from the Heilbron gate, a sandstone structure, of considerable ornamentation, at the foot of the rocky wall of the hills on the left, to the verge of the wide Rhine-plain on the right. The bell-shaped towers of two or three churches, the scroll-work facade of the Jesuit's temple, with a statue of the Virgin Mother on its apex, holding a cross; the bulging roof of the University building, with its little belfry, and a large brick edifice, with many windows, standing just at the rise of the hilly background, with five tall poplars in front, were the principal points that caught the attention of the eye. The woody slope of the background receded from the whole length of the town, and culminated in two rounded, forest-clad, and mountainous summits. On the left and taller of which, rose a stone tower of observation; on the side of the other, and near the top, where a road run along horizontally, was a large quarry of red sandstone, where the white-sleeved men, only discernible by their motion, seemed crawling over the face of it. The loftier hill had two outstanding spurs, one above the other; the lower, which seemed to stretch over the town, bearing the ruins of its famous castle, terrace below terrace in front; the green slope descending to the town dotted with trees, while off to the left, an arched wall sustained a sort of hanging garden, back of which extended the beautiful grounds of the ruin, showing a glimpse of a fountain and the restaurant through the trees. The narrow street which leads from the town up to it (the only one for carriages, although there are various foot-paths), was marked by the row of houses, stretching down from the right-hand side. The other spur, which ranged about over this road, presented rather a broken summit, and was the site of an older castle than the present one; but now bears a building of Swiss construction, and used also as a pleasure resort and refreshment-house. A little to the right of it, a notch through the summit seemed to indicate an ancient fosse, while the mound that it left disjointed, was surmounted rather singularly by a solitary tree.

A steamboat came in sight, passing the rapids just above the town; her deck was covered with a crowd, which we could discover as she came opposite, were a party of emigrants for America. Probably they were mostly from Würtemburg, and were to bear the genuine Swabian cheer to the New World. They stood clustering about the rail, eagerly regarding the town. The smoke-funnel lowered, they passed the centre arch of the bridge, and, taking a sweep mid-stream, the boat came up to the landing just below, head to the current.

We watched their passing without a word for the time, and only as we heard the escaping steam at the pier, did one of us speak.

"When I have seen such adventurers as these land upon our shores at home, my thoughts were mostly occupied with forebodings of perspective hardships, and I have thought little of their former associations, and how difficult it must have been to sever them. But here, as I see them, I have, to be sure, a sense of future trial; but much more strongly does the idea of their leaving homes and kindred come upon me. We may say they leave oppression and want; but they will hardly escape the same on the other side, not, indeed, that from a tyrant, but from misfortune; and will hardly find their imagined happiness except in the thoughts of future benefits to their children. It is a melancholy sight to see them here as they leave their country, going through it with a last, lingering look cast on either hand, and the efforts of the young at gaiety always appear so much an exertion, while the drooped head of the aged tells of preponderating thoughts. I remember once to have disclosed myself as an American to a party descending the Mozelle, and the hurry with which they gathered round me, the curiosity of their questions, and the brotherly regard of look and expression, showed how eager they were for the new life that awaited them."

"The spirit of emigration," said Leverett, "like many other excitements, has raised up its commemorators among the poets; and it is not a little curious to observe how self-complacent some of their luebrations are. It is quite ludicrous to read for instance in Kinkel's poems one addressed to the emigrants of the Ahr-valley, that they are expected to be the evangelists of Art to the American, and awake a glow for it in their cold hearts. We won't charge upon the emigrants themselves any such vain notions, quite content they will be, no doubt, to hew down forest enough for a clearing for a log cabin, and leave the appreciation of art to the class that can best patronize it, which, if we mistake not, will find few members of foreign birth. Some other of his suggestions are quite laughable; thus he tells them 'to remain far from Boston's loud and worldly bustle, and the Yankee's cold avidity.' He becomes a little more sane, when he tells them that the breath of Freedom will be at first like the sharp and piercing north wind, to bring many tears, but it will be followed by the softer breezes of May, when they can rejoice to see in their children how strong and prudent is a new race, that springs up under the clime of Liberty."

No one seeming inclined to take up the conversation as Leverett finished, he took a manuscript from his drawer, and said he would read it to us, if we could revert from the idea of an emigrant leaving these old countries, to seek his fortune in a new, to a native of the latter on a pilgrimage to the former, allowing on a winter's evening his thoughts to wander back to his home. So we listened to the following:

## HOME THOUGHTS ABROAD.

## I.

TWILIGHT broods among these mountains,  
By the fireside here we sit,  
Watching how the tiny flamelets  
O'er the dying embers fit;  
How they glare upon the bindings  
Of the books within the case,  
And on us, two living volumes,  
Plainly lettered on the face!  
For we are, two friends together,  
As two wondrous books ourselves,  
Every day its leaf is turning,  
And our spheres, life's varied shelves,  
And our contents are our musings  
On the things we've seen or felt,  
Or some sympathetic choosings  
From the men with whom we've dwelt.

## II.

The darkness deepens, and the embers  
Fall in coals beneath the bars,  
Each as red, as through yon branches  
Gleams the ruddy Mars!  
As we sit and talk together,  
Scarce we see each other now,  
Only as a glow uncertain  
Glances o'er the brow.

## III.

Fainter, fainter grow the flashes,  
Waning like a dying sprite,  
And the snow along the sashes  
Hardly glimmers in the light,  
While from out the whitened ashes,  
Now and then shoots up a ray,  
As when transient reason dashes  
O'er the intellect's decay.  
Lo! in mute and long procession,  
Hooded friars with torches bright,  
Pass the sparkles in succession,  
O'er the embers dark as night;  
And when gently one expires,  
Comes another at its side,  
Joining in that train of friars,  
O'er the grave of him who died.

## IV.

Thus we talked within the darkness,  
Thought led thought and multiplied,  
Till the theme died out aweary,  
When another rose beside;  
Still to lead its own procession,  
Till in turn they waned and died,  
When to give a new succession,  
Still another theme we tried.

## V.

How like us, two friends together,  
Talking of our distant home,  
Seeing not, but hearing voices,  
Is the lot of all who roam.  
Not unlike those gleams uncertain,  
Haply playing o'er our miens,  
Are the fitful glows of dreamings  
Lighting up remembered scenes!  
Time and distance breed a darkness,  
Like this round the parted day,  
That but shades the long-known features  
Of our firesides far away;  
While as by some trick of magic  
Hear we now their voices still,  
Cheering us, whence'er despondent,  
And with kind words soothing ill.

## VI.

As I've started, when the footfall  
Of some friend sounds on the stair,  
So I pause to hear these voices  
Echoing pass along the air;  
While they speak to me so softly,  
That their accents seem to fall,  
Like the tread of things remembered  
Wandering through the Memory's hall.

Stretched across the sundering ocean  
Goes a chain with unseen links,  
And thus friend to friend uniting,  
When on one the other thinks,  
O'er it glides the thought and feeling,  
Which their mutual loves impart,  
Passing like the spark electric,  
Bearing tidings of the heart!

## VII.

Straying by the ramparts olden  
On the star of eve I gaze,  
Shining in the west so golden,  
Through the evening's purple haze,—  
As my pace is fast or slow,  
Like a flying angel gleaming,  
That would lead me, could I go!

As I've gazed upon yon brooklet,  
And have seen the springs below,  
Deep beneath the bank's reflection,  
I have learned from that to know  
How to pierce the grafted feelings  
That these foreign lands bestow,  
To discern my old sensations  
Through the Present's mantling glow.

## VIII.

I have seen some ancient paintings,  
That a story would unfold,  
And a landscape formed the background,  
Where in groups the Past was told,  
While in front the present action  
As resulting from the old.  
So my thoughts are ever forming  
Scenes of home, where'er I stray,  
And the Past is imaged round me,  
As a landscape for To-day!

## IX.

There are stones thrown in the streaming  
Current of our daily life,—  
Idly thrown, we little dreaming  
With what moment they are rife.  
Though the first associations  
Like the circling ripples fall,  
Glide unnoticed from our feelings,  
Soon or later must they all,  
As the wave is deep or shallow,  
Send up bubbles in our way,  
Tokens of the past to hallow  
Some drear moment of To-day!  
Should it chance in foreign countries  
Then as pilgrims we shall stray,  
All the deeper shall we cherish  
Each reflecting bubble's ray,  
Watching, gladsome, till they perish,  
For e'en they must glide away.

## X.

Well the feelings I remember,  
When upon this distant strand,  
Rose within a lonely hostel  
Memories of my native land;—  
How the landlord stood, and wondered  
As he saw me look adown  
On a frame beneath the mantel,  
Rudely pictured with a town,—  
For I knew those busy waters,  
Isle-begirting, and the dome  
Rising o'er the serried houses,  
Told me quickly of my home!

## XI.

City of my birth and kindred!  
On thy triple hills afar  
Every ball upon thy steeples  
Glances like a fallen star;  
And thy bridges seem like moorings  
That the land has thrown to thee,  
Fearful lest thou seek'st thy woer,  
Seek'st the bosom of the sea;  
Where thy ships, as tender missals,

Flutter on its heaving breast,  
Like the pledges Love has offered,  
As assurance for the rest !

## xii.

City of our dear devotion !  
City of so many names,  
Borne as far as rolls the ocean,  
Proud of all thy cherished names !  
Proud in story, proud in letters,  
And New England's chiefest shrine,  
Casting forth thy iron fetters,  
As to hold it ever thine,—  
'Neath that dome, that o'er thee rises,  
Stands the noble form of one,  
Who 'mid Fortune's dark disguises,  
Feared for naught he had begun,  
And of erst thy holy temples  
From their desecration won,—  
As thou hopest for the Future,  
Gloriest in what is done,  
Be thy counsel for the Present,  
Words and deeds of WASHINGTON !

## EMERSON'S ENGLISH TRAITS.

"England is full of manly, clever, well-bred men, who possess the talent of writing off-hand pungent paragraphs, expressing with clearness and courage their opinion on any person or performance. Valuable or not, it is a skill that is rarely found out of the English journals."—*English Traits*.

In the Augustan days of Weimar, the refined circles of that illustrious Saxon community of poets and princes were from time to time thrown into indescribable excitement. The leading salons of the little Athens presented no longer that æsthetical unity of high-bred placidity which had such strange fascinations for the old French noblesse, and which elicited even the sympathies of the fastidious ladies of the Court of St. James. That remarkable unity was broken. Princess Kunigunde, the imperially phlegmatic Kunigunde, was in a flutter. The Countess Von Armsdahl, who always spoke in a soft, velvetine whisper, made herself singularly conspicuous by a loud and noisy tone of conversation. The English ladies seemed scandalized, the French ladies smiled with exquisite malice, and the young ladies of the *haute volée* of Weimar, those delicious mongrelbreeds, between dancing and literary belles, seemed also to participate in the general excitement. Contre dances with French officers, and flirtations with Lord Byron's Cain, were all of a sudden interrupted. Old General Wittekind, one of the most popular old bachelor beaux, and one of the most indefatigable talkers of Weimar, looked morose and silent as the grave. The Grand Duke himself, always so full of urbanity and self-possession, was evidently very taciturn and very much agitated. To judge from the repeated exclamations of the Countess Von Armsdahl, one was almost led to believe that some terrible revolution had broken out in the Netherlands, and that the peace of the Great Duchy of Weimar was involved, in some mysterious manner. At least, she pointed most vehemently to the streets of Brussels, to the riotous gatherings of its citizens, and to the formidable machinations of the priests to stifle the rebellion. Princess Kunigunde spoke of the character of the Prince of Orange, while the sympathies of the young ladies were strongly enlisted in behalf of a beautiful Belgian girl, Clara, who, it appears, had boldly rushed into the streets, in defiance of the rude soldiery,

to penetrate into the dungeons, where her lover, Count Egmont, was detained as a rebel and traitor. Any stranger, who had come that evening to Princess Kunigunde's salon and listened to this conversation, and beheld the general attitude of the ladies and gentlemen, would have come to the conclusion that some fatal catastrophe was impending over the city and Duchy of Weimar. Yet the revolution spoken of belonged to the past; the streets of Brussels were as quiet and peaceable, as the most vigilant king could desire; the Prince of Orange and the Count of Egmont had long since rendered their accounts to the Great Inquisitor of Heaven, and the lovely Clara is by this time probably flirting with some angel beaux.

It was Goëthe's Tragedy of Egmont, that had just made its appearance that evening,—hence the excitement of Princess Kunigunde, the agitation of the Countess, the serious attitude of the young ladies, the silence of old General Wittekind, and the grave countenance of the Great Duke. The joy that radiated Napoleon's face, when his Austrian Princess presented him with a son, was only a very poor and lukewarm sensation compared to the enthusiastic hallelujahs of Weimar, when a new child came forth from Goëthe's brains.

Concord is not Weimar. Emerson is not Goëthe. We have to deal with different localities, with different individualities. Yet the enthusiasm in Concord and in the vicinity is the same, and this fact is sufficient to warrant an analogy. In the lovely houses of Harvard and Everett Streets of Worcester; in the romantic Green, and majestic High Streets of Newburyport; in Dorchester, Roxbury, Andover, in Lenox, Stockbridge, Great Barrington, in Pittsfield, and Springfield, Cambridge, Jamaica Plains, and Boston,—all over Massachusetts, Princess Kunigundes, and Countess Armsdahls abound. They are ladies dressed in New England fashion, and talking New England English; but, allowances made for all this outward difference, they will be found to speak as enthusiastically of Emerson's English Traits as the ladies of Weimar spoke of Goëthe's Egmont.

The gulf between Goëthe and Emerson, between English traits and Egmont, between the ladies of Massachusetts and of Weimar, is partially co-relative, so if some of our readers are disposed to cavil at the propriety of our comparisons, and even go so far as to charge us with absurdity, let them at all events be candid enough to admit that there is a unity in our absurdity, which, like the method in Hamlet's madness, is entitled to some credit.

We must say, that we like the enthusiasm which Emerson kindles in the minds of his disciples. In such intellectual enthusiasm we see the promise of nobler days for the Republic. In such enthusiasm we recognize the unspeakably great eagerness for knowledge that possesses this nation. This enthusiasm says to Emerson, "You know much more than you choose to say. Let us know it too. Let us hear it. Don't hold back."

Yet Mr. Emerson is holding back. He constantly produces the same impression, which is conveyed by some deep-thoughted and rich-souled man in conversation, who here and there drops some word pregnant

with world-wide meaning; but who, conscious that no one is able to cope with his conversational power, almost wickedly delights in escapades and mystifications, and looks as if to say: "I have said quite enough to make you believe that I have some great world-philosophy of my own, but this philosophy itself you shall not know it. This is my mental capital, I live upon it; I shall take good care not to squander it."

There is much of this sort of parsimony, of this ungenerous use of his vast and rich intellectual resources in Mr. Emerson's writings. We should be sorry to do wrong to an illustrious man of ideas like Emerson. Yet Mr. Emerson is holding back. Is he still gauging his countrymen, to see how much they can digest? or afraid perchance to damp the democratic Gods? Mr. Emerson holds, perhaps wisely, perhaps justly, perhaps patriotically, back, about America. But he is also holding back about England, and this puzzles us.

But of this more anon. The impression which the perusal of "English Traits" produced upon our mind, was that of unalloyed admiration, of real intellectual enjoyment. It seems to us a most fascinating book, a book that will soon be translated into German and into French,—a book that will be admired by the master minds of the old world,—a book that combines in such a singular degree, the sagacity of the man of the world with the picturesqueness of the poet, the prophetic insight of the Swedenborgist philosopher with the elegant scholarship of the New England man of letters, that men of the world cannot read it, without inhaling some sound moral,—poets cannot read it without gaining new visions of humanity,—philosophers cannot read it without adding fresh vigor to their minds, and scholars cannot read it without finding new and startling incitements to study.

We admire the book as a rare gem of literary workmanship; we admire the book as a faithful record of personal observation; we admire the book for the graceful electricity of its composition, full of grandeur of conception, yet of loveliness of execution; we admire the book above all for its unprecedent modesty of tone and manner. We see here, under the unassuming title of "English Traits," a lifelong study of history, literature, science, and fine art brought to bear upon the physiological dissection of the character, and upon the critical analysis of the performances of the English nation.

We have been lavish in our praise. We shall be as unrestrained in our censure. We have in mind the good old book, which speaks of sins of commission, as well as of sins of omission. Those sins of omission, for as such we venture to denounce them, puzzle us, as we said before. Yet while recording frankly our opinion, we will at once state, that Mr. Emerson may have felt perfectly justified in giving only such traits of the English, or such "English Traits" as to him seemed most eligible for a public dissection. We can also well fancy the æsthetical scruples of a mind like Emerson's, shrinking perhaps, from the rude contact with the large body of what Europeans call the masses of the common people.

The same poetic Grecian sense of the